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NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.

Whereas it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of national preservation, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizens, and we believe the republican form of our Government to be an object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, and for that reason, if for none other in order to preserve our institutions pure and unpoluted we are imperatively called upon to administer our peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stronger indiscriminately to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native born American citizen, we weaken to the attainment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid allegiance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution of the Revolution, and exercised by him as the glorious prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, a cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Basing, then, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the promotion of our native country in all the walks of private honor, public credit and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right in its most extended form, of the native born American, and he only, to exercise the various duties incident to the ramifications of the laws, executive, legislative, or ministerial, from the highest to the lowest post of the Government—and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization laws by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids, and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish *ex post facto* laws: the action we seek with regard to the laws of naturalization, is intended to act in a prospective character. We shall advocate equal liberty to all who were born equally free; to be so born, constitutes, when connected with moral qualities, in our minds, the aristocracy of human nature. Acting under these general principles, we further hold that, to be a permanent people, we must be a united one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political organ; and to be national, we must cherish the Native American sentiment, to the entire and radical exclusion of foreign opinions and doctrines introduced by foreign paupers and European political adventurers. From Kings our gallant forefathers won their liberties—the slaves of Kings shall not win them back again.

Religiously entertaining these sentiments, we as solemnly believe that the day has arrived, when the American should unite as brothers to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached that critical period foreseen and prophesied by some of the clear-sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens from every ship that floats on the ocean to our shores—when every wind that blows wafts the ragged paupers to our cities, bearing in their own persons and characters the elements of degradation and disorder. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight over this great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt of glory, will be the duty of the sons of these wars, and we must go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from contagion; and her character as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despotisms.

ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

First. We bind ourselves to co-operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States to procure a repeal of the naturalization laws.

Second. We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Governments.

Third. That we will not hold him guiltless of his country's wrong, who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept.

Fourth. That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country, nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand to, and be a separate and independent party of native Americans, for the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preamble and these articles.

Fifth. That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or be connected, with any religious sect or denomination; leaving every creed to its own strength, and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

Sixth. That this Association shall be connected with and form a part of such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of our political creed.

Seventh. That this Association shall be styled the "Native American Association of the United States."

Eighth. That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required under any by-laws hereafter adopted, and whose duties shall be therein defined.

Ninth. That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

Tenth. That the President, or, in his absence, the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding or Recording Secretary, is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

NOTICE.—Native American Cause, and "The Native American" Newspaper.—The Native American Association in this City has been in existence nearly three years, and enjoys a membership upwards of eleven hundred out of a nation numbered of the Native citizens of the place.

Its objects are—
To repeal the Laws of Naturalization; and
The establishment of a National Character, and the perpetuity of our Institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

A paper, called "The Native American" was commenced a few days after the organization of our Society, and has already near 1,000 subscribers. In many places, our doctrines have found ardent and able friends—but in some places our patriotic ends, so that we may rely upon ourselves for the blessings of peace, and in the midst of war, it will be necessary for all to take a part, and promptly separate the birthrights of our own People from the indiscriminate pretensions of the paupers and outcasts of the Old World.

We therefore invite our Countrymen throughout the Union, to form Auxiliary Associations, and to immortalize Congress for a Repeal of the Laws of Naturalization.

Our new paper is published weekly, at the price of two dollars and fifty cents per annum, payable in advance.

We are of no party in Politics or Religion, but embrace all of all creeds and faiths.

Our motto is—"Our Country, always right; but right or wrong, our Country."

As every man in the Union who loves the land of his birth is interested in the principles we advocate, we hope each one will voluntarily put forth his hand to help our honest labors, and occasionally cheer us with the cry—"God speed the cause."

Newspapers of all parties throughout the country are requested to give notice a few insertions, and persons desirous of becoming subscribers, correspondents, or contributors to the paper are requested to address JAMES C. DUNN.

By order of the President and Council,
T. P. JONES,
Secretary of the Nat. Amer. Association of the U. S.
Wash. City. Feb. 12, 1846.

POETRY.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

"Father, look up and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies."
"It is my Country's Flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light
O'er ocean's waves, in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might."

"Father, what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?"
"It is the voice of canony,
The glad shout of the free,
This is the day to memory dear,
'Tis Freedom's Jubilee."

"I wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, father, why don't you?"
"I'm getting old and weak—but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many a day like this—
Shout ye aloud, my boy!"

"Hurrah! for Freedom's Jubilee!
God bless our native land;
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand!"
"Well done, my boy—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell,
Is paradise on earth."

TO MY LOVE.

I love to meet thy dark blue eye—
Although I know 'twere best
To shun the sweet, but fatal glance,
That robs my mind of rest!

I love to view thy gentle smile,
Though reason bids me fly;
Though prudence whispers all the while
'Tis counting misery!

And thus the May-fly seeks at night
The taper's brilliant rays;
Flies round and round, 'till, foolish thing,
It dies within the blaze!

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

BY MR. DIMOND.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watchword and weary, his cares flew away
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dream'd of his home—his dear native "ow's,"
And pleasures that wait'd on life's merry morn—
While Memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restor'd every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flow'r o'er the hatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voice of the love-ones reply to the call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is imperl'd with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in the love-kiss unite,
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals thro' his rest,
"Oh, God! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame, which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now startles his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck—
Amazement confounds him with images dire—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendous swell,
In vain the lost wreck calls on Mary to save,
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

Oh! sailor boy, wo to thy dream of delight—
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that fancy touch'd bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's heated kiss?

Oh! sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shalt' home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblest and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the sea-weeds shall grow,
Of thy fair yellow curls the waves of amber be made,
And every post sail to thy whisper be made.

Days, months, years and ages, shall glide away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll,
Earth loses the pattern forever and aye—
Oh! sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

Pro. the Knickerbocker.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

BY MISS SARAH POLE MASS.

"Woman should be allowed to stand in the sacred desk
and in the halls of science, and advocate the cause of
intelligence, of humanity, and of religion."—Amos Walker.

Woman! must renounce thy rights?
But lo! my hand is raised;
Step boldly up to nobler heights,
And fill a wider sphere!

Secluded, mute, no longer dwell,
Thy "talents" buried quite;
Escape from every noose and spell,
And stand at God's right side!

Thy province wide as mine extends,
The "friends of woman" say;
But from such advocates and friends,
"Spare us! oh, spare us!" we pray!

To thee, indeed, no narrow bound
Has God or man assigned;
Duties within thy home are found,
Worthy the noblest mind.

Who that has marked that quiet spot,
And, marking, pondered well,
Would ask for thee a happier lot,
Than where thy loved-ones dwell?

'Tis thine the paths for infant feet
In lines of love to trace,
And deep impress those counsels sweet,
Which years shall ne'er efface.

'Tis thine to soothe, and thine to cheer,
Ere yet from life withdrawn,
The evening hours of those most dear,
Who watched thy early dawn.

And who, when the cold world annoys,
Can hush a brother's sigh,
Beguile his woes, enhance his joys,
Like some fond sister nigh?

But if on thee no duty falls,
As sister, daughter, wife,
Still enter not the noisy halls
Of fierce debate and strife.

Thine is the right, be thine the choice,
To plead with modest pen;
But think not with the boisterous voice
To swa, the minds of men.

Nor let that high and holier place
We consecrate to prayer,
E'er witness the unblushing face
Of woman speaking there!

Mercy and wisdom sweetly blend
In the behest divine,
Which bids the priest God's altar tend,
Excluding aid of thine.

Ne'er as man's rival seek to shine,
His laurels to divide,
'Till thou canst cheerfully resign
Protection at his side.

Still, still fulfil the glorious plan,
So full of love to thee,
Which gives the commonwealth to man,
Hence's empire thine to be!

MISCELLANY.

SCENE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE REV. J. M. MAFFITT.

Stony Point is about forty miles from New York, and ten or fourteen miles below West Point. It is a rounded gravelly hill, of small extent, jutting into the stream, and connected with the main land by a low morass which is partially overflowed with the tide waters. It was fortified in the revolutionary war, and occupied by a small force must have been considered as a remote outpost to the strong fortress of West Point. It was captured by the British in the year 1779, and strongly repaired and garrisoned by more than six hundred soldiers, commanded by the brave Lieut. Col. Johnson.

A few days before the sixteenth of July, in the same year, a tall commanding personage, mounted on a strong charger, was seen on the eminences above Stony Point. He had a glass in his hand, and appeared to study the character of the defence, with an intensity of interest. Johnson, who was returning the gaze of the horseman, with his spy-glass, turned to one of his staff, and remarked that the apparition on the hill portended no good. Rumors were afloat about the entrenchments that the same tall figure had been seen across the river, on the highest opposite eminence the day before, like a horseman painted against the sky. A cow boy said that this figure was the apparition of Washington, and that it never was seen excepting just before a battle or a thunder storm. But whilst these idle rumors floated around the atmosphere of the camp, the real Washington, from observations made with his own eyes, was concerting a soldier-like plan for its surprise.

On the night of the sixteenth of July, by the twinkling light of the stars that broke over and through the clouds, two columns of soldiers might have been seen under the brow of the eminence in the rear of the fort. They were stern men—the silent, thoughtful men of New England. The eagle-eyed Wayne was at their head, and his heart was like that of the lion. The regiments of Fehigz and Meigs, and their youthful Major Hull's detachment formed the right column; Butler's regiment, with two companies under Major Murphy, formed the left. The van of the right was formed of one hundred and fifty volunteers, at whose head stood the brave Flury; one hundred volunteers, under Hewart, composed the van of the left. And still further advanced, the noblest post of all, stood the "forlorn hopes" of twenty men each—one commanded by Lieut. Gibbins, and the other by Lieut. Knox. Wayne stepped from man to man through the vanguards—saw them take their flints from their pieces and fix the death bayonet. At twenty minutes past eleven, the two columns moved to the bloody work before them, one going to the left and the other to the right, to make their attack on opposite sides.

The inhabitants on the eastern side of the river, first heard a sharp crashing as the "forlorn hopes" on either side broke in the double row of abatis; the muskets of the sentinels flashed suddenly amidst the darkness, and in a moment the fortress vomited out flame and thunder, as if a volcano had been ignited, and was tossing its lava upwards. The cry of battle not to be mistaken, shrill, wild and fearful, broke upon the dull ear of night. But all was in vain for the fortress. Under the showers of grape, and ball in the red eye of battle, the two columns, still unwavering columns moved on, and the two vanguards met in the centre of the work. The British made an instant surrender, to avoid the extermination which awaited the delay of the columns upon the intrenchments. Sixty-three British soldiers lay dead at their guns, five hundred and forty-three were made prisoners, and the spoils were two standards, two flags, fifteen pieces of ordnance and the other materials of war. Of the sons of New-England, ninety-eight were killed or wounded. Of Lieut. Gibbins' forlorn hope seventeen were no more. Of Lieut. Knox's about the same number were slain.

These spots, where the life blood of the free has been poured out like water, and where the traces of the revolutionary ditch mound still remain, are altars sacred to the high recollections of freedom. Green be the turf over these departed patriots! The bold bluff of Stony Point is classical ground. Hither in future time shall the poet and the sentimentalist come to pay their tribute of action and honor, where

"Our fathers knelt
In prayer and battle for a world."

THE BLESSINGS OF FREEDOM.—Freedom is the natural school of energy and enterprise. Freedom is the appropriate sphere of virtue and talent. The soul was not made to walk in fetters. To act powerfully, it must act freely, and it must act too, under all the fair incentives of an honorable and honest ambition. This applies especially, to the mass of people. There may be minds, and there are, which find sufficient incentive to exertion, in the love of knowledge and improvement in the single aim at perfection. But this is not, and cannot be the condition of the mass of minds. They need other impulses. Open then, I say, freely and widely to every individual, the way to public office, and you put life into any people. Impart that principle to a nation of Turks, or even of Hindoos, and it will be as a resurrection from the dead. The sluggish spirit will be aroused—the languid nerve will be strung to new energy; there will be a spur of action and spring to industry all over the country, because there will be a motion. Alas! how many poor failures in the world are obliged to labor, without reward, without hope, almost without motive! Like the machinery among which they labor, and of which they are scarcely more than a part, they are moved by the impulse of blind necessity. The single hope of bettering their condition, which now, alas! never visits them, would regenerate them to new life.

PROSPERITY.—Nothing shall more effectually betray the heart into a love of sin, and a loathing of holiness, than an ill-managed prosperity. It is like some meads: the heart is like the sunbeams upon a dunghill; it raises many filthy, noisome exhalations. The same soldiers, who, in hard service and in the battle, are in perfect subjection to their leaders, in peace and luxury are apt to mutiny and rebel. That corrupt affection which has him, as it were, dead and frozen in the midst of distracting business, or under adversity, when the sun of prosperity has shined upon it, then, like a snake, it presently recovers its former strength and venom. Vice must be caressed and caulked upon, that it may thrive and sting. It is starved by poverty. It drops under the browns of fortune, and pines away on bread and water. But when the channels of plenty run high, and every appetite is plied with abundance and variety, so that satisfaction is but a mean word to express its enjoyment, then the insubordination of the heart shows itself pampered and insolent, too unready for discipline, and too big for correction.—South.

VIRTUE.—The creations of the sculptor may moulder in the dust—the wreath of the bard may wither—the throne of the conqueror may be shattered, by an opposing power into atoms—the fame of the warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrel—but Virtue, that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace, shall never decay. It is selected by the angels of God—it is written on the pillars of heaven and reflected down to earth. The rock-breaker, who possesses it is more noble than the intriguing statesman. I would rather be in his place—I would rather have the inward glory with which the poor man is crowned, than overshadow the world with martial banners. I would not exchange his lot for the reputation of a Raphael—the inspiration of a Byron—the eloquence of a Mirabeau or the intellect of Bacon. I may be despised here—but if I possess it then shall I tower above them all, when the guilty shall tremble in their secret places, as they behold the heavens roll together as a scroll.

What is useful Education.—We put the question in reference to the great body of American youth, who are to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and under Providence, to wield the future destinies of our country. Two principles should be aimed at—one to provide for themselves honorably under ordinary contingencies—and to qualify them to become useful to society. The times, as universal experience abundantly proves, admonish, that, however the children of wealth may indulge in idleness and dissipation, while their means last the great mass of American youth must and ought to depend upon their labor for their fortunes and their usefulness. Fortune is at best precarious—patrimonia dependence is uncertain, and reliance upon the friendship or charity of the world, or upon office, is frail and debasing. Self-dependence is the only sure way. We are ever willing to help those who help themselves.—Productive labor is the only legitimate source of all wealth—individual or national—and labor is profitable to the individual and to the nation in proportion to the measure of intelligence and scientific knowledge which guides and directs its operations. Hence it is of primary importance that our youth should be effectually taught labor, and

their mind should be early imbued with that kind of knowledge which will instruct them in the principles of their business, render it honorable and make them independent in their mind and in fortune.—Edward Everett.

THE CHILD OF MERCY.—When the Almighty would create Mankind, He called His chief angels to council around Him.

"Create him not!" said the angel of Justice; "he will be unjust towards his brethren, and with those that are weak will he deal harshly and cruelly."

"Create him not!" said the angel of Peace; "he will drench the earth with human blood, and the first born of his race will become a patricide."

"He will profane Thy Holiness with falsehood," exclaimed the angel of Truth, "even though Thou shouldst enstamp Thine own image—the seal of truth upon his forehead."

While they were yet speaking, Mercy, the youngest—the dearest child of the Eternal Father, approached His throne, and clasped His knees: "Create him!" cried she; "create him Father, an image of Thyself; a cherished object of Thy goodness. When all Thy servants have forsaken him, then will I seek him, and will stand fondly by him, and will turn even his faults to good. His frail heart will I fill with compassion, and will incline it to commiserate the weaker. When he wanders from Peace and Truth—when he offends against Justice and Equity, then shall even the consequence of his error lead him back, chastened and improved."

The Father of the human race created man a frail and erring creature—but even in his faults a favorite of his goodness—a son of Mercy—a son of that Love which can never forsake him, but which ever seeks to make him better.

Remember thy origin, oh Man! when thou art cruel and unjust. Of all the Divine attributes, Mercy alone choose to call thee into being, and hath through life extended to thee only the love and compassion of the material breast.

The truly wise, who have acquired much knowledge, doubt often, and are modest in opinion, whilst the very ignorant, who have not attained knowledge enough to form a hook to hang a doubt on, are hasty and presumptuous.

Children.—Of all the sights which can soften and humanize the heart of man, there is none that ought so surely to reach it as that of innocent children enjoying the happiness which is their proper and natural portion.

"MY NAME IS NORVELL."—Douglass.

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Norvell, formerly editor of the Inquirer, now Senator in Congress from Michigan. While that State was a territory, Mr. Norvell was appointed Postmaster at Detroit. The then incumbent of the office had heard of the approach of his successor—and one morning he stepped into his *beaucaen a poste*, with his supersedeas in his pocket. Said he:

"My name is NORVELL."
"Oh—ah—it is, is it? Well I wish to heaven you were on the Grampian hills, with your father. But show me your ticket and take my chair. I am already to abdicate, and you are welcome to the west."

Definition of Woman.—We heard a learned Judge facetiously observe, not long since, to a party of ladies, that he heard some one define woman—lovely, charming, exquisite woman—to be "a marrying critter."

How to get a Living.—It is insinuated in several quarters of late, that many young ladies of the present day, get a living by suing for breeches of marriage-promise. Young men that happen to be wandering on the margin of love, had better keep a bright look out, or they will stand a chance of losing their bacon. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A gentleman was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries. "Dead! why I never heard of it—what was her disease?" "Vanity," returned the other; "she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

Camp-Meeting Anecdote.—At a camp-meeting a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said, "I think if these ladies standing on the benches knew that they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down." This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into seats. A young minister, standing behind him, and listening to the temples, said, "O, brother, how could you say that?" "Say that," said the old gentleman, "it is a fact—if they had holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on?"

A small boy heard a preacher preach a sermon from the words, "Ye must be born again," which was frequently repeated during the discourse. The little hearer paid strict attention to all that was said, and particularly to the text. After he returned he became melancholy, and he was found weeping bitterly. His father tenderly enquired after the cause of his distress. The boy told him the preacher had said he must be born again. "Well my son," replied the father, "why do you cry about it?" "Oh, sir, I'm so afraid that text time I'll be a gub!"